BLOOD BANK

TOUCH

STROKE

SHIVER

SILB

SO HOW'S THE DARKNESS OF HUMANITY?

IS IT TO YOUR LIKING?

YOU NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D BE BLIND IN THE DARK DID YOU?

SINCE YOU VAMPIRES CAN SEE WELL NO MATTER HOW DARK IT IS.

- play 7 -

BUT LOOK AT YOU NOW.

BEING SCARED WITLESS, DESPITE BEING A VAMPIRE...

ALMOST LIKE A HUMAN...

NO,

EVEN LOWER THAN THAT, RIGHT?

THAT'S NOT TRUE!

IT'S JUST A BLINDFOLD! I JUST NEED TO TAKE IT OFF...

IF YOU TAKE IT OFF...

YOU WILL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN.

OR DID YOU FORGET?

YOU PROMISED TO BE MY SLAVE, DID YOU NOT?

ARE YOU DISOBEYING MY ORDER ALREADY?

OR...DER...?

YES. ORDER.

A HUMAN... ORDERING ME...?

I'M... DISOBEYING...

WELL OF COURSE, YOU'RE JUST A PERVERT THAT LIKES THIS KIND OF THING.

GRR...

STOP... CALLING ME...

PRESS

FLINCH

IT'S GETTING TEDIOUS EVEN TALKING TO YOU.

UGH...

TREMBLE

I'M ONLY SAYING WHAT YOU ENJOY HEARING.

COME TO THINK OF IT...

YANK

—!?

A WHILE AGO, I SAW A VAMPIRE WHO'D LOST THE SIGHT IN BOTH EYES.

DO YOU KNOW HOW PITIFUL IT WAS?

MY CLOTHES...?

HE SPREAD HIS PHEROMONES ALL AROUND IN ORDER TO SURVIVE...

HE'D ALREADY GONE HALF MAD BY THE TIME HE LOST HIS SIGHT, SO HE OBVIOUSLY COULDN'T COPE.

YOU RESEMBLE HIM RIGHT NOW.

YANK

AT FIRST...

THUD

EVEN THOUGH IT DOESN'T WORK ON ME...

PANT

PANT

WHERE...

WHERE...

DID YOU MEET SUCH A VAMPIRE?

THEY'D NORMALLY GO TO THE SLUMS IF-

DO YOU THINK YOU'RE IN A POSITION TO ASK ME QUESTIONS?

THRUST

OOP!

I'M CURRENTLY TRYING MY BEST TO MATCH YOU AND YOUR ABSURD TASTES,

NO, I...

DON'T YOU EVEN FEEL SORRY?

I JUST WANTED TO KNO-

THIS IS HELL TO ME!

GRAB

PRETENDING AND ACTING LIKE THIS-

R-REALLY?! I...

I'M SORRY! I...

CLACK

IF YOU ARE TRULY SORRY...

BEG ME FOR FORGIVENESS.

... AH.

"I WAS WRONG, MASTER"

HOW'S THAT? SIMPLE, RIGHT?

TREMBLE...

I WAS ...WRONG? ME?

TO A HUMAN... MASTER...

GRASP

EEK!

SINCE YOU'RE THE KIND OF VAMPIRE THAT ENJOYS THIS.

THE KIND THAT WOULD WANT THIS FROM A HUMAN.

YOU WERE WRONG.

AH

S-STOP...

TREMBLE...

AND IF YOU'RE WRONG, YOU SHOULD BEG.

TELL ME YOU'RE SORRY.

STROKE

STROKE

I...

I'M...

SAY IT!

UGH,

I WAS-

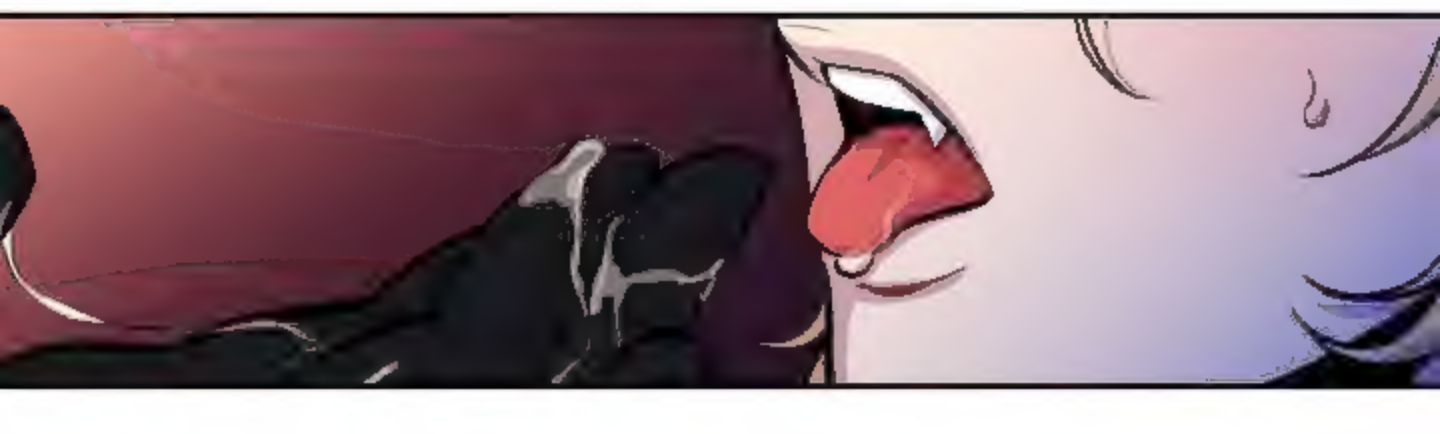
I WAS WRO-
MASTER...!

HOW CHILDISH.
DRIP

MASTER SHELL
FLINCH

THIS MASTER'S GLOVE HAS BEEN DIRTIED.
YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.

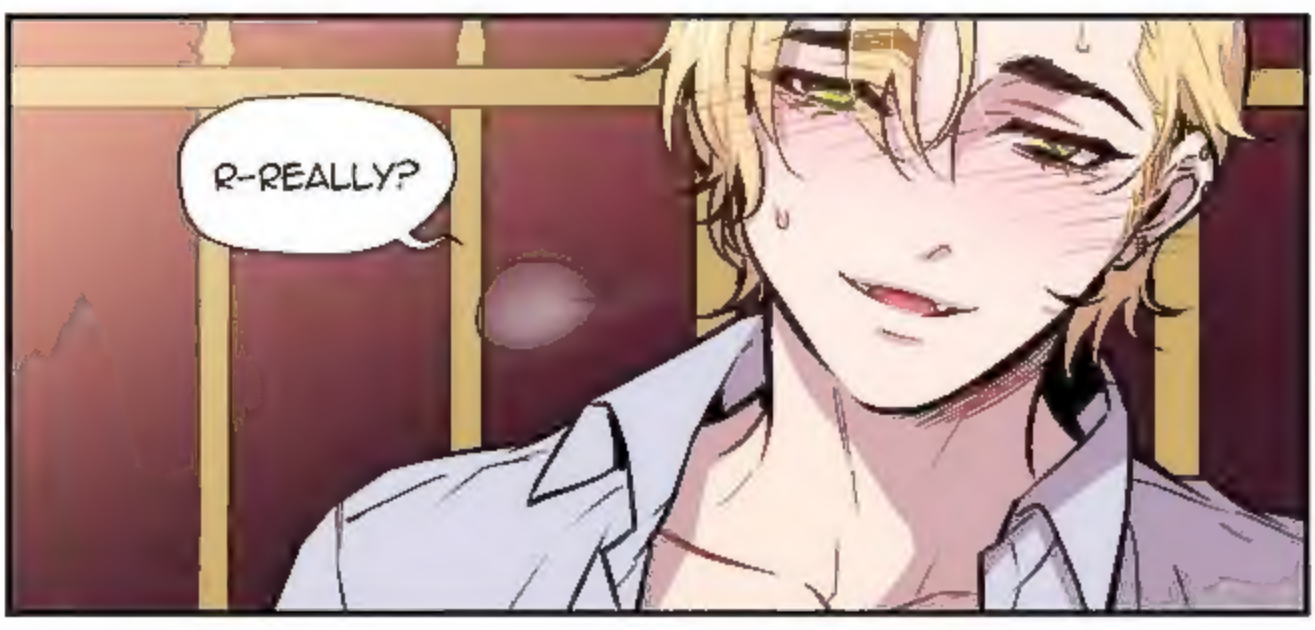
HERE.



BACK THEN...

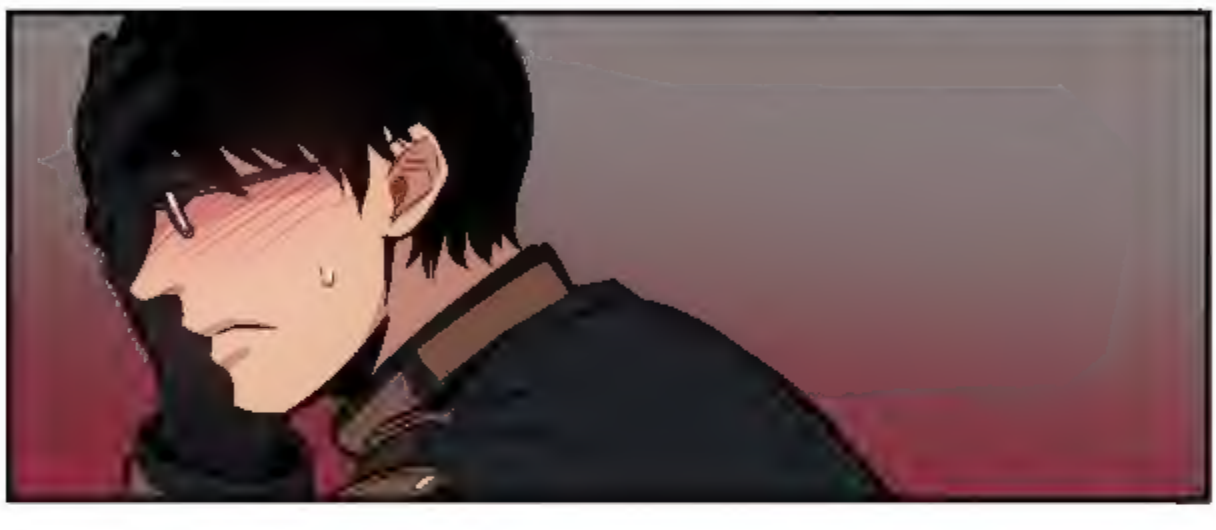
DO YOU REALLY HATE IT THAT MUCH?
ARE YOU... ANGRY AT ME?

WHY WOULD I BE ANGRY AT YOU, MASTER SHELL?
I DIDN'T MEAN IT.


R-REALLY?

I THOUGHT... YOU MEANT IT...
I...

ZZZ...



To be continued!